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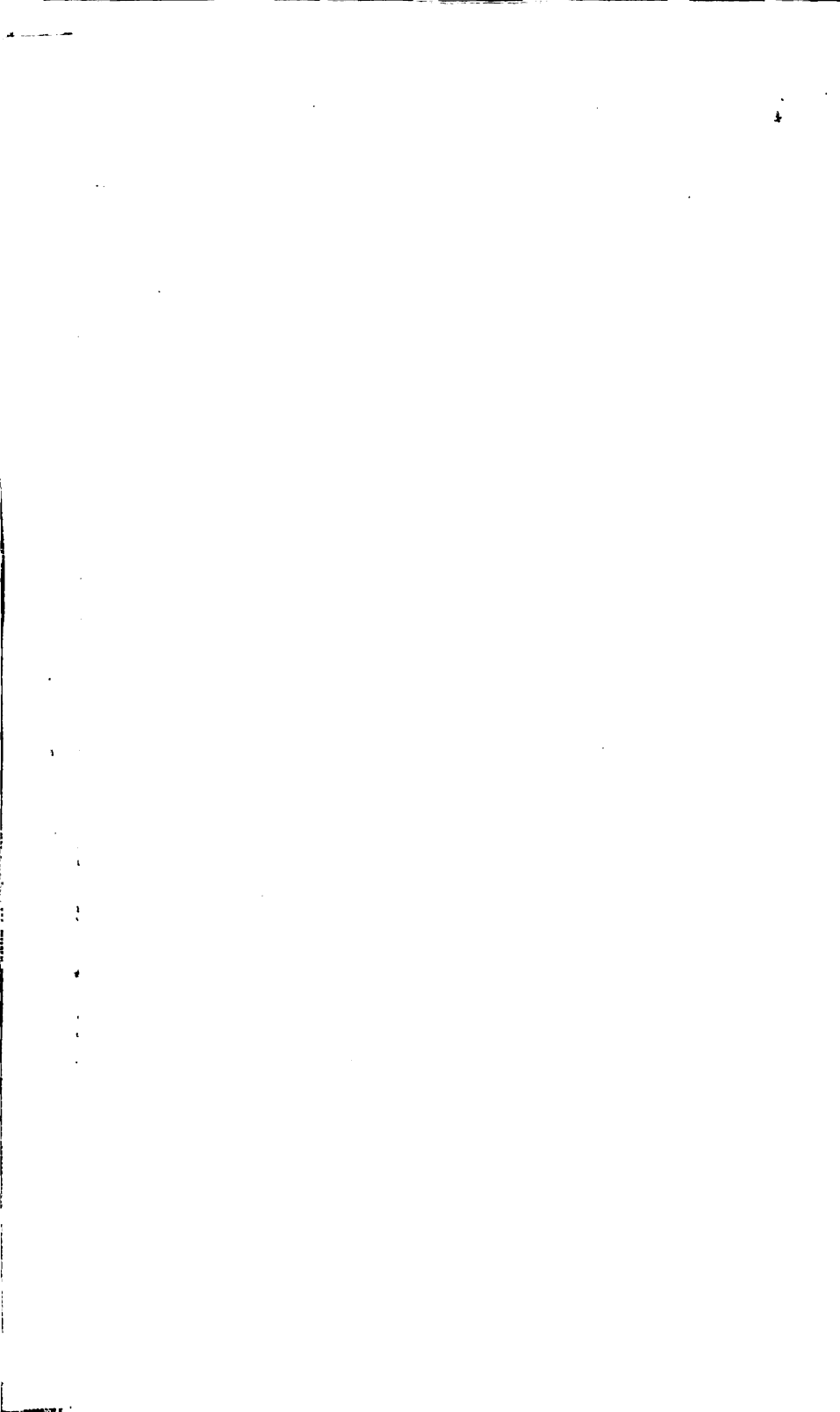
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**A VISION OF FAIR SPIRITS,**

**ETC. ETC.**

**MERCHANT, PRINTER, INGRAM-COURT.**

# A VISION OF FAIR SPIRITS,

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

JOHN GRAHAM,

OF WADHAM COLLEGE.

LONDON :

T. AND W. BOONE, 29, NEW BOND STREET;

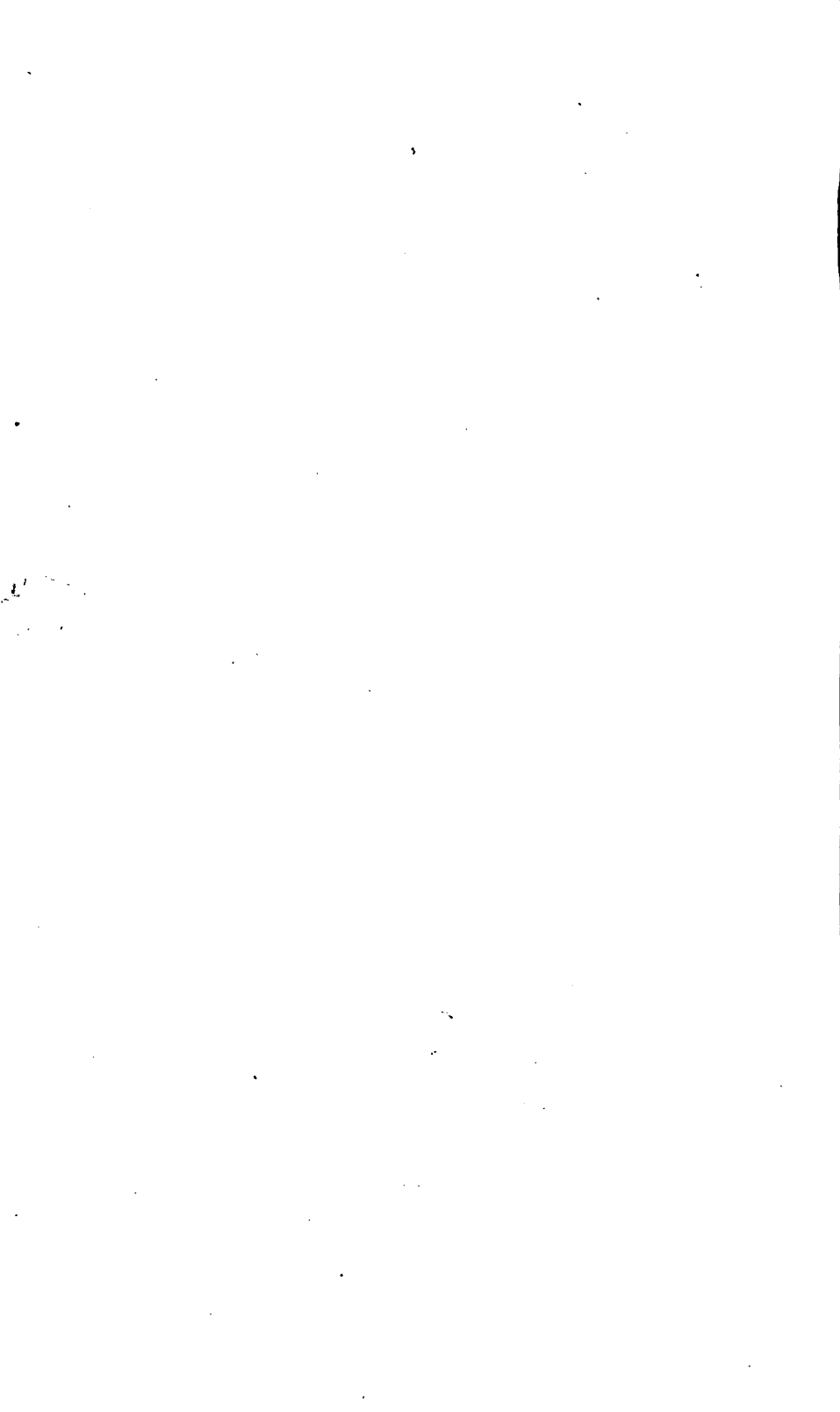
AND

J. VINCENT, OXFORD.

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TO

THE REVEREND DR. WILLIAMS,

Head-Master of Winchester-College,

THE FOLLOWING POEMS

ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY HIS FORMER PUPIL,

THE AUTHOR.



## P R E F A C E.

---

SOME apology may be deemed necessary for the first of these Poems, inasmuch as it contains neither any connected story, moral, nor, in short, any of the usual requisites for a poem. Like an antique and broken bas-relief awkwardly arranged by the hand of some unskilful workman, it exhibits scarcely any traces of the original design : would that I could carry the resemblance farther, and say, that, though disunited, it was beautiful in mutilation, and atoned, by the indestructible beauty of its parts, for its want of regularity as a whole. But perhaps I am too bold in comparing it to an antique, although broken ; and

should rather liken it to the "capriccio" of a modern sculptor, where, on the same block, a number of grotesque and unconnected shapes are crowded together. Both, I presume, hold the lowest rank in the several arts of poetry and sculpture, and so far at least are liable to comparison.

## A VISION OF FAIR SPIRITS.

---

Jam læta futuros

Expectat natura deos—nova numina rebus

Additè.—*Claudian.*

---

### I.

THEIR's was a bright mythology of yore,

Who walk'd with angel spirits to and fro  
Along the pleasant earth, ere yet it bore

Its baneful fruit of bitterness and woe !  
When man was godlike in his strength, and wore

The garb of immortality below—  
And nought, save life, was needed to impart  
Love's own intense religion of the heart !

## II.

Ere yet the sword was forg'd, and from the slain  
The heart's red vintage dyed the peaceful sod,  
Whose shrinking breast gave back th' unhallow'd rain  
To call on high for vengeance unto God ;  
Ere yet the joyous earth's polluted plain,  
Scorch'd by his step, grew barren where he trod—  
And man, with Cain-like mark upon his brow,  
Yet unrepenting, wander'd forth—as now.

## III.

Their's was no blinded worship—the still shore,  
The mount snow-vestur'd, and the wooded glen,  
Thrill'd with the countless feet of them that bore  
Comfort and hope—glad tidings unto men.  
Farewell, bright messengers ! Alas ! no more  
That transient vision glads our earthly ken,  
But fond hope whispers that ye linger yet  
O'er those whom love forbids ye to forget.

## IV.

In vain—for you Eternity hath built

Its bright pavilion in yon starry clime—

Ye fled, when love, synonymous with guilt,

Grew dark, and passion ripen'd into crime.<sup>1</sup>

Round each pure foot the blood through ages spilt

Rose in dread witness of the coming time,<sup>2</sup>

And Hell's triumphant angels saw ye fly

Back to your own pure mansions in the sky.

## V.

Yet wak'ning Mem'ry wander'd back to claim

That first tradition of another sphere,

Tracing perchance in many a fabled name

The steps of those who made their dwelling here,

And still star-thronèd in yon orbs of flame,

Look down, with eyes unsullied by a tear,

On that lost world whose long-remember'd plain

Their angel feet ~~must~~ never tread again.



## VI.

The poet's fable and the minstrel's song  
Hymn'd the bright record of their heav'nly birth,  
Till Fancy number'd in th' Olympic throng  
The name of each fair sojourner on earth—  
Those gentler deities, to whom belong  
More love than worship—in the fatal dearth  
Of that pure creed which teaches us to own  
The One—unseen—eternal—and alone.

## VII.

Such was the matron priestess of the soil,  
Who bore its sheaves upon her ample brow,  
Benignant Ceres !—weary from their toil,  
Lo ! at thy shrine earth's swarthy reapers bow ;  
Thou bid'st the falchion seek a bloodless spoil,  
Thou yok'st the war-steed to thy car—the plough ;  
Thou gladdest earth, but sorrow still is thine,  
Actheia,<sup>3</sup> hence—go seek thy Proserpine !

## VIII.

She who was wont each sunny tress to gem  
With gather'd buds—the fairest of the spring—  
Herself pluck'd rudely from the parent stem,  
Droops on the breast of Hell's despotic king.  
Alas ! for childhood's simple diadem,  
That once lov'd coolly o'er her brow to cling !  
Oh ! for the breeze that fann'd her—roving free  
In the green vales of haunted Sicily !

## IX.

Sweet is each fount that in Elysium flows,  
Yet none so dear as that she leaves afar ;  
Bright are its flowers, but cherish'd not like those  
Which on the green earth's holy bosom are.  
Fair is the deathless ray that ever glows ;  
Yet dear were Night and her attendant star !  
Why should warm life with the unliving wed ?  
Earth may not share the gladness of the dead.

\* \* \* \* \*

## X.

And thou, her widow'd sister<sup>4</sup> of the Nile,  
Saturn's pale daughter, slain Osiris' bride!  
Love-breathing Isis—lady of the smile!<sup>5</sup>  
Fair as the Lotos of thy favour'd tide!  
Ancient of days<sup>6</sup>—what fond eye shall defile  
That mournful beauty which thou fain would'st hide?  
Piercing the shroudlike veil around thee cast,  
Queen of the present—future—and the past!<sup>7</sup>—

## XI.

Full many a lustrous-ey'd Egyptian maid  
Culling at morn fresh blossoms from the stream,  
Wreath'd o'er thy marble brow her dewy braid.  
Eve comes apace, and with its waning beam  
The flow'rs, tho' twin'd in locks immortal, fade;  
Yet not alone—rous'd from as brief a dream,  
The hand that wreath'd, the eye that drank their light,  
Live thro' life's morn, but wither ere the night.<sup>8</sup>

## XII.

Haply for this in Egypt's festive halls,  
One silent guest, unmindful of their mirth,  
Dark-veil'd and crown'd with odorous coronals,  
Ghastly and still sate gazing on the earth.  
The wit that charms, the beauty that enthrals,  
By others mark'd, to her are nothing worth—  
Bright eyes are flashing from thick-braided hair,  
Soft looks are speeding—but they dwell not there.

## XIII.

Untouch'd, the banquet seems in mockery spread  
Like earthly food before some godless shrine ;  
Pour'd like some last libation to the dead,  
Mantles unseen earth's nectar of the vine ;  
Unheard the minstrel's song hath idly fled.  
Aye—lift the veil and gaze, fond dreamer !—thine,  
Thine are the features curtain'd there—for she  
Was as thou art—and is what thou shalt be.

\* \* \* \* \*

## XIV.

Beauteous art thou who turn'st thy tearful eye,  
    Sadly to bend one sorrowing glance below—  
Last of that Angel throng, who from the sky  
    Once spread their glad wings' ever-changing glow—  
Heav'n-born Astræa ! long forewarn'd to fly  
    From earth and guilt—from mortals and their woe.  
And thou who risest from the yielding sea,  
Worshipp'd of all—Anadyomene !<sup>9</sup>

## XV.

Queen of the heart ! how warm the am'rous wave  
    Enfolds each beauty with its crystal shrine !  
How calm the wind, with passion wont to rave,  
    Melts into music 'neath one glance of thine !  
How soft the light from ev'ry jewell'd cave  
    Sleeps on the bosom of the sleepless brine !  
Where each rous'd billow of the wanton tide  
Spreads its bold arm to clasp the ocean bride.

## XVI.

Her rubied lip, unknowing how to speak,  
Yet beams all eloquent with beauty's smile ;  
Her dark hair gathers o'er each burning cheek,  
Like storm clouds black'ning o'er some rosy isle.  
From the white foam uprais'd, her whiter neck  
Gleams like the silver Lotos of the Nile—  
And still the mad wave knows not how to sever  
From that fair shape it cannot clasp for ever.

## XVII.

For earth is not thy home, almighty Love !  
Although warm hearts are throbbing in its sphere—  
Thou may'st not haunt with us a mortal grove,  
Where beauty still is blinded with a tear !  
Man's hope, man's sorrow, sojourn not above—  
Why should we chain thy heav'nward footsteps here ?  
Earth bare, but may not keep thee—from her breast,  
Haste to the fated mansion of thy rest !

## XVIII.

Omnipotent in beauty ! thou dost need  
No other guard than thine own loveliness—  
Daughter of Immortality !—the creed  
Of thine adorers cannot give thee less  
Than in thine own unfurrow'd brow they read,  
And drink from eyes which open but to bless—  
Thou *hast* not scorn'd the sphere which gave thee birth,  
Thou ling'rest *yet*—incarnate upon earth.

## XIX.

We trace thy step in many a passing form,  
Which seen but once can never be forgot—  
Bright things sent down, like stars amid the storm,  
To fling Heav'n's radiance o'er an earthly lot—  
In many an eye with love's own lustre warm,  
In many a brow where passion burneth not—  
In many a youthful lip, whose bird-like tone  
Sinks in the heart, and makes the soul its own.

## XX.

For love is omnipresent in its power,

Haunting all times—and beauty may not die,

Morn's rosy blush, and evening's twilight hour,

When earth is calm, and lovers learn to sigh.

The hoarse-tongued rivulet, the valley's flow'r,

Night's star, and woman's rapture-speaking eye,

Live in their essence—all with beauty rife,

All fraught with love, which is the soul of life.

## XXI.

Foam-cradled Aphrodite ! Laughter-fed,

Garb'd in warm beauty, girdled with love's zone !

Earth-born Urania ! from that ocean bed

Arise, and make the universe thine own.

Life's constant star ! Companion of the dead !

Waking our tears for beauty which hath flown !

Bright in earth's gladness—brighter 'mid its gloom

Pervading life—nought shrinking from the tomb !



## SONG.

## 1.

Is there not beauty on the earth,  
And holiness above ?  
Is there an hour that gives not birth  
To something we may love ?

## 2.

The breeze awakes at eventide,  
To woo the virgin rose ;  
The streamlet whispers to his side,  
Each flow'ret as he flows.

## 3.

To sink on earth's attractive breast,  
The rain-drop from the cloud,  
The new-wing'd lightning from its nest,  
Instinctively are bow'd.

4.

The golden sunset's liquid glow  
Sleeps pillow'd on the sea—  
The waves are clasping as they flow,  
Each other silently.<sup>10</sup>

5.

The mountain-peak with snowy crown,  
Upon its forehead pale,  
Yet flings its earthward shadow down  
Upon the shelter'd vale.

6.

And king-like thron'd above the air,  
A monarch in the sky,  
The bright sun bids the moonbeam share  
His immortality.

## 7.

All things are embrac'd by love,  
 Life-charter'd by its breath—  
 In earth below, in Heav'n above,  
 Beauty slumbereth.

\* \* \* \* \*

## XXII.

All hail to thee, lone maiden of the night,  
 Fair-hair'd<sup>11</sup> Selene ! com'st thou to surprise  
 Thine own adorer on th' accustom'd height,<sup>12</sup>  
 With the cold lustre of those madd'ning eyes ?  
 Yes, he hath gaz'd upon their worshipp'd light  
 Full oft—like one who drinketh ere he dies,—  
 Still gaze, Endymion, thou art not the first<sup>13</sup>  
 Whose soul has yearn'd with that undying thirst—

## XXIII.

That frantic wish—the vulture of the breast,  
Which erst Prometheus in his bosom bore—  
Earth-chain'd, in soul to mingle with the blest ;  
Mortal, to tread the sky's immortal shore—  
To lift the curtain from that home of rest,  
Whose threshold is infinity, and soar  
Till the freed spirit from its chain of clay,  
Upborne on wings, anticipates decay.

## XXIV.

The minstrel wanderer who spake of Troy,  
While nations listen'd to his thrilling lute—  
And he who told how man's primæval joy  
Fled with the taste of that forbidden fruit—  
Each felt the darkness which could not destroy  
The thoughts, whose echoes never shall be mute.<sup>14</sup>  
For them earth slept—but Heav'n with all its glow  
Lit the dim eye that open'd not below.

## XXV.

And thou, Mohammed,—who may'st now compare  
With truth thine own imaginary hell—  
Prophet of lies—false dreamer who could'st dare,  
Bloodstain'd, of bliss—sin-taught, of Heav'n to tell—  
Thine was no poet's soul, to wander where  
On thrones of burnish'd gold the sinless dwell;<sup>15</sup>  
But Eblis mocks reality—thy dream  
Has dwelt in dark foreboding on the theme.

## XXVI.

Madman ! to think that woman's gentler soul  
Shar'd not the gladness of the realm above—  
Each holy draught of life's immortal bowl  
Burns from her lip, and brightens with her love—  
She whose angelic footsteps earthward stole,  
To bless proud man, and by his side to rove.  
Fool ! that could'st frame for her some meaner spot,  
Or think that Heav'n could be, where she was not.

\* \* \* \* \*

## XXVII.

Bend to the reeling Dryad of the vine,  
With Autumn's light upon his stained lip—  
Bow to the Naiad of the blushing wine,  
In whose red stream their wings the muses dip.  
Kneel to the god ! who leaves his verdant shrine,  
Heav'n's purest ray, earth's ripest dew to sip.  
Friend of the weak, and trampler of the strong !  
Whose inmost soul is blended with my song.

## XXVIII.

Bacchus, unwearied reveller by night,  
Wreathing with purple clusters thy loose hair !  
Where shall we build the trophy of thy might ?  
Lift the wild shout, and pour the frantic pray'r ?  
On Naxos<sup>16</sup> shore, and old Cithæron's height,<sup>17</sup>  
The owlet lurks—the wild beast hath its lair :  
While from thy grape the tears unbidden start—  
We—we will rear thy temple in the heart.

## XXIX.

Fair was the worship—glorious the throng,  
Which knelt before thine altar-stone of old.  
The wise, the brave, the beautiful, the strong,  
Earth's warrior children, fram'd in giant mould,  
Sought the red fount, and rais'd the Bacchant song,  
With burning lip, and bosom never cold,  
To him who ask'd no victim for his shrine,  
Save the warm life-blood of the bleeding vine.

## XXX.

From him, the temptèd patriarch,<sup>18</sup> who first  
Quench'd in thy torrent reason's waning ray,  
From stoic Cato's philosophic thirst,<sup>19</sup>  
Down to the last vile drunkard of to-day—  
How many have been blest, how many curst,  
By thy lov'd service, or thy loathèd sway.  
But thou dost smile on all who bend the knee,  
That fault is in thy worshippers—not thee.

\* \* \* \* \*

## XXXI.

Nor these alone, as minstrels joy to tell,  
Sought the dim surface of the darken'd earth—  
E'en now unseen, unnumber'd myriads dwell,  
Thron'd on our planet's cold and rayless girth.  
Blest be the creed, and potent yet the spell,  
That watch'd in fondness o'er their secret birth—  
And green the laurel o'er his lowly grave,  
Whose deathless song their first existence gave.

## XXXII.

The dew-lov'd vi'let, and the cypress tall,  
The pale fount gushing from the mountain's side—  
The stars cloud-seated in their azure hall,  
The leaping wave—twin-brother of the tide,  
Earth, ocean, and far space, are haunted all,  
By shapes which mortal love hath deified,  
Fair spirits exil'd from their home of bliss  
In some lost world—too beautiful for this.



## XXXIII.

Oft in the zephyr as it murmurs by,  
Is heard the whisper of their spirit wing,  
And dark eyes glancing from the thicket nigh,  
Through the lost soul their madd'ning lustre fling.  
Hark ! their glad voices swell the distant sigh  
Of the far stream, that sleepeth not—and bring  
A holy calmness o'er the troubled breast,  
Whose chambers ope to that long-absent guest—

## XXXIV.

Is it the Faun who wakes with airy reed  
His vesper greeting to night's drowsy ear ?  
No earthly minstrel, such the poet's creed,  
No mortal lip, I ween, is breathing here.  
Now borne afar the dying notes recede,  
Now from the grove float eloquently near,  
Like some unquiet bird whose restless wing  
Flits to and fro, for ever wandering.

## XXXV.

Or she, the gentle Lady of the Mount,  
Unknown, adored--soul-worshipp'd, tho' unseen,  
Whose glad voice mingles with the gurgling fount,  
Sweet as the gush of classic Hippocrene ?  
Man hath not scar'd thee from thy woodland haunt,  
Time hath not marr'd as yet thy covert green,  
Heav'n-seeking nymph !—lone Oread, may'st thou still  
Dwell in thy star-wrought shadow of the hill !

## XXXVI.

Lo ! where the young fount laughing, from its cell,  
Leaps like some playful nursling of the rock,  
Nymphs of the rivulet, the Naiads swell  
With all unneeded tears its crystal stock ;  
Albeit to them is giv'n the searching spell  
Dark earth's far hidden fountains to unlock,  
And pour the sunless treasures of the deep  
With urns aye-flowing :—wherefore should they weep ?

## XXXVII.

Bas'd in the streamlet's ever-changing breast,  
Built in the wave their deep pavilions lie ;  
Sweet is their sloping bank with flow'rets drest,  
Glassy the marge that mirrors back the sky.  
In that pure realm who would not deem them blest,  
And think that grief is their's alone who die ?  
The winds laugh out—the small waves as they leap  
Lift up their voices :—wherefore should they weep ?

## XXXVIII.

Because for them no being hath been born  
Love-fraught to cheer their solitary doom,  
No fond eye glances downward with the morn,  
No warm lip woos their beauty 'neath the gloom.  
Yes ! they would brave the cold earth's chilling scorn,  
Life's troubled passage to the peaceful tomb ;  
And leave their deathless world's unreal bliss,  
For one soul-felt, impassioned hour in *this*.

\* \* \* \* \*

## XXXIX.

'Mid the deep silence of the cloister'd grove,  
What time soft twilight spreads her holiest veil,  
The poet watch'd unseen the Dryad rove,  
Or fling her floating tresses to the gale,  
And drank with frenzied eye unearthly love,  
For that bright tenant of the haunted dale ;  
Till vanquish'd reason deem'd each shape divine,  
And passion knelt to worship at their shrine.

## XL.

And when at eve the wave-awaken'd breeze  
Sigh'd to the trembling boughs its vesper hymn,  
And dew-drops brightly gemm'd the bending trees,  
Or earthward dropp'd from ev'ry drooping limb,  
He fondly deem'd that from their prison, these  
With heav'nly weepings dew'd the foliage dim,  
Or wail'd in secret from their leafy cell  
The viewless chain which bound them like a spell—

## XLI.

And sought the warm heart's ceaseless throb to stay,  
    'Neath the rough girdle of the clasping rind,  
And shut the gladness of the cheerful day  
    From eyes which nature meant not to be blind.  
While yet the circling ivy's hated spray  
    Round ev'ry limb its verdant fetters twin'd,  
And winter came with icy hand to shred,  
Full oft spring's joyous garland from their head.

## XLII.

Such was the youthful dream whose brightness stole  
    In wild delirium round the poet's sense,  
Calling sweet visions round his trancèd soul,  
    Till inspiration woke, and drew from thence  
Deep draughts of bliss, as from a poison'd bowl,  
    Whose dreamy spell, luxuriously intense,  
Clung round each inmost thought,—while heart and brain  
Reel'd with the gush of love's thick-dropping rain.

## XLIII.

For him the world was peopled with bright things,  
Fancy's sweet children, who before his eye  
Rose through the summer air on noiseless wings,  
Or bent in starlike beauty from the sky.  
Now in his ear they sweep their elfin strings,  
As if some honey'd bee were murmur'ing nigh,  
Or calling where he treads the truant breeze,  
Shake down their treasure'd blossoms from the trees.

## XLIV.

Blest hour of youth—alas! thy tearless scroll  
Too soon is blotted from "life's scanty page"—  
Too soon the flow'r-like freshness of the soul  
Withers beneath the canker-worm of age.  
Quick fades thy light, and angry tempests roll  
O'er the sad path of mortal pilgrimage,  
And Mem'ry gathers to her funeral urn  
Each ravish'd bliss that never shall return.

## XLV.

Oh ! turn again, and make thy dwelling still  
E'en in thy once-lov'd temple of the heart—  
Chase from its vestal flame the deadly chill  
Of earth, which dare not linger where thou art !  
Come, with thy dove-like wings, whose airy thrill  
Can heal the wound of Time's envenom'd dart,  
And wake the soul's lock'd fountains from their sleep  
In wearied eyes that know not how to weep.

## XLVI.

Bring back the sunny smile, the frequent tear,  
That gemm'd our morn—the yesterday of life;  
The flow'r is dewless now—the green leaf sere,  
The branch all barren, once with blossoms rife.  
Alas ! they come not—but we linger here  
On earth, the sad inheritors of strife—  
While Passion's throb and Hope's illusive ray  
Live but to wrestle with their own decay.

\* \* \* \* \*

## XLVII.

Rise, ye fair daughters of the dancing foam,  
Whose jewell'd feet tread lightly o'er the wave,  
Which is the threshold of your ocean home,  
Rise from the pearlèd hall and azure cave !  
Rise from the blue depths of that silent dome,  
Where each tam'd billow crouches like a slave !  
The soft moon slumbers over earth and sea,  
The stars look down in beauty—Where are ye ?

## XLVIII.

Oh ! by the music of that voiceless spell,  
Which breathes at eventide o'er ocean's breast—  
By the sad murmur of the wreathèd shell,  
Whose wailing spirit never sinks to rest—  
By the red blush that lights your fairy cell,  
When Phœbus slopes unwearied to the west—  
By thy sea-worshipp'd hair and snowy brow,  
Daughter of Ocean, pity—listen now !



## XLIX.

By those blue laughing eyes that wildly beam  
Through the light mantle of the leaping spray,  
Like midnight stars thick-mirror'd in the stream,  
Whose heaving bosom multiplies their ray—  
By thy white shoulders' wave-encircled gleam,  
O'er which the loosen'd tresses love to stray,  
Leave the dark chambers of thy charmed sleep—  
Why slumb'rest thou ? Wake, daughter of the deep !

## L.

Come from the darkness of the crystal shroud,  
That veils each beauty with its envious dew ;  
The soft wind sleeps wave-cradled, and the cloud  
Like some far island floateth in the blue.  
Bright eyes look down, and angel heads are bow'd  
The sunny radiance of thy smile to woo,  
And voices fall like rain-drops from above,  
O'er thy cold heart to warm thee into love.

## STAR SPIRITS' SONG.

## 1.

Wake, daughter of Ocean! fair child of the Sea!  
Our fond eyes are weary with watching for thee,  
Each spirit<sup>20</sup> has wander'd raylike from its sphere,  
To rest on thy bosom—why art thou not here?

## 2.

Our feet would not crush the white foam as it springs,  
The wave is unruffled, though fann'd by our wings,  
Our spell is unspoken, but swift to thine ear  
It speeds through the billow—Sea-maiden, appear!

## 3.

We have chain'd the rude zephyrs that daringly sip,  
As they wanton at eve, the ripe dew from thy lip;  
Heav'n's light floweth down like a fount on the sea,  
It calls us afar—but we linger for thee.

## 4.

Oh ! bright is the track of our pathway above,  
But the cold earth is brighter when hallow'd by love  
And the star-spirit bends from his desolate shrine,  
Sweet maid of the waters, to worship at thine !

## LI.

They come—they come ! and from their beauty fling,  
Like a thin robe, the ocean's azure vest ;  
They come ! light streams from each immortal wing  
Like rays wave-borrow'd from the ruddy west.  
Now like a charmed warrior as they sing,  
The courteous billow stoops his snowy crest,  
And the winds hush their wailing o'er the seas,  
Spell-bound, to list their own Nereides.

## SEA-NYMPHS' ANSWER FROM THE WAVE.

## 1.

In each chamber of coral thy summons was heard,  
By its spell the blue depths of the billow were stirr'd ;  
Lo, thronging around thee we rise from our sleep,  
Like sea-flowers blossoming over the deep.

## 2.

We have woo'd to our bosom thy quick-gushing light,  
As it fell from the stars' golden chalice at night ;  
We have bar'd to its lustre each love-beaming brow ;  
Star-spirit ! the ocean-born looks on thee now !

## 3.

Oh ! cold is the breast of the dark-heaving sea,  
But warm hearts within it are beating for thee ;  
Then bear us afar to thy dwelling on high,  
For with nothing to love—it were better to die.

## 4.

Or stay thou with us—is thy mansion more blest  
Than the Sea-maiden's wave-circled home of the west ?  
Lo, thus my long tresses around thee I twine,  
With my white arms I clasp thee—eternally mine !

## 5.

Nay, list not their voices—they call thee afar  
To thy passionless couch in the cold even-star ;  
Now downward together we sink through the foam,  
And the Sea-maiden's breast is the star-spirit's home !

\* \* \* \* \*

## LII.

Rob'd in the silken gossamer that flows,  
Woven in lustre from your elfin loom !  
Couch'd in the ruby chambers of the rose,  
Fed by its dew, and curtain'd by its bloom !  
Hither, ye elves ! the sunbeam fainter glows,  
And the lov'd twilight gathers with its gloom—  
Fly from the grassy mount's untrodden brow,  
Drop from the scented blossom of the bough.<sup>21</sup>

## LIII.

Steal from the lily's dew-bespangled bell,  
That rings its fairy curfew to the night—  
Haste from the lowly vi'let's hidden cell,  
Whose beauty shrinketh widow-like from sight—  
Creep from the truant snail's deserted shell,  
Come from the cowslip's golden halls of light—  
Wake from each blossom of the apple tree,  
That opes its bright pavilion to the bee.

## LIV.

Man's waking hour hath pass'd, and holy sleep  
Sits on his throbless temples, like a crown  
Fresh pluck'd from Lethe's garden of the deep,  
Briefly to chain each master passion down.  
Nought recks the slumb'rer now of eyes that weep,  
Of lips that threaten, and of brows that frown ;  
No more his curses climb the darken'd sky  
In wrath—the pure air burns not with his sigh.

## LV.

Then come, if e'er your lightly-falling feet  
Have call'd soft echoes from the hollow dell—  
If e'er the music of the breeze was sweet,  
That lulls the folding flow'r-leaf with its spell—  
If e'er with answ'ring voice ye lov'd to greet  
The lute-like plaint of widow'd Philomel—  
If e'er the weeping bough its tear-drops threw  
To deck your fairy coronet with dew.

## LVI.

The world is our's alone—the conscious stars,  
Night's holy children, vigilant above,  
Look down in silence from their golden cars  
To seek below for something they may love.  
Haste to the fairy tryste—nought earthly mars,  
As erst, our elfin revel in the grove ;  
Soft harps are sounding with their wontèd thrill,  
Bright feet are glancing noiseless on the hill.

## FAIRIES' SONG.

## 1.

Our acorn cup is brimming o'er,  
With drops of pearly dew ;  
By fairy-hands 'twas gather'd from  
The vi'let's eye of blue.



## 2.

Oh ! could we dash the melting tear  
From many a mortal eye,  
As quickly as the cold dew-drops  
That on the flow'ret lie.

## 3.

From yonder turf is mirror'd back  
The silver of the moon,  
And where our fairy feet have trod,  
It will be greener soon.

## 4.

The green herb drinks unwithering  
The life that we impart :  
Oh, that our echoing steps could fling  
A freshness o'er the heart !

\* \* \* \* \*

## LVII.

There is a melting holiness in night,  
Caught from the moon who wandereth on high—  
There is a silent worship in the light  
Of each glad star that gazeth from the sky.  
The still earth whispers with a voice of might,  
The ocean lifts afar her wonted cry—  
As if unheard thro' wide creation's span,  
Fond nature spoke, to intercede for man.

## THE STARS.

“ Let there be light,” thou said'st—  
We heard, and upward sprang ;  
Then first thro' peopled space  
Our seraph voices rang.

Each gazing eye hath lov'd us,  
As we shone o'er earth and sea ;  
Each mortal lip hath bless'd us,  
But we are praising thee.

In silence and in lustre,  
We have wander'd down below,  
To watch the tears in weeping eyes,  
And gild them as they flow.

Man's fever'd brain hath slumber'd  
As we shone upon his brow,  
And his aching heart hath soften'd,  
But he knew not it was thou !

To us alone he breath'd the pray'r,<sup>22</sup>  
To us he bent the knee—  
Forgive him ! oh, forgive him !  
If he knelt to aught but thee.

## THE EARTH.

A wand'ring orb in airless space,  
I fell—to ruin hurl'd;  
A still voice shook the dark abyss,  
I leapt to life—a world.

Thou madest bright and beauteous things  
To fill that home of rest;  
With a mother's love I clasp'd them  
Like children to my breast.

I have nurs'd them in the pride of life,  
I have cradled them in death;  
I have lov'd them, for I knew they were  
The creatures of thy breath.

Man's heart hath all forgotten thee,  
And wander'd from thy will ;  
With lip alone he praiseth thee,  
But, oh, forgive him still !

His flowing blood has stain'd my breast  
With Death's unholy hue—  
Forgive the creatures thou hast made !  
They know not what they do.

### THE SEA.

In many a dark and frozen fount,  
In many a central cave,  
The murmur of my waters slept,  
The thunder of my wave.

Unborn the light that gently now  
Sleeps pillow'd on my breast;  
Unbreath'd the sportive gale that wakes  
Each ripple from its rest.

Tide calleth unto ocean tide,  
Sea calleth unto sea,  
One mighty spirit from them all  
Is calling unto thee !

Thy breath has roll'd me onward  
From the infancy of Time :  
I have travers'd ev'ry island shore,  
I have circled ev'ry clime.

I have watch'd man in his innocence,  
I've mark'd him in his fall,—  
The nameless savage in his den,  
The Cæsar in his hall.

I have met the pale sun's icy glance,  
I have shrunk beneath his flame—  
Frail Nature changes as I flow,  
But man is aye the same.

I crush'd within their cavern'd home  
The young world's giant birth,—  
No grasp of strength, no step of pride,  
Save mine, was on the earth !

Then thou did'st spare—Oh ! pity now,  
And tarry yet to save,  
As thou did'st rescue heretofore,  
A remnant from the wave !

\* \* \* \* \*

## NOTES.

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### PAGE 3. STANZA IV.

*Grew dark, and passion ripen'd into crime.*

<sup>1</sup> When the spiritual love which angels might feel for mankind as the work of a common creator, degenerated into a more earthly attachment.

*Rose in dread witness of the coming time.*

<sup>2</sup> The deluge.

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### PAGE 4. STANZA VII.

*Actheia, hence—go, seek thy Proserpine!*

<sup>3</sup> *Aχθία*, the sorrowing, a name bestowed on Ceres after the rape of Proserpine.

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## PAGE 6. STANZA X.

*And thou, her widow'd sister of the Nile.*

<sup>4</sup> Isis is the Ceres of Egypt.

*Love-breathing Isis—lady of the smile.*

<sup>5</sup> Gentle, very gentle and sweet is the smile in almost all the figures of Isis which I saw.—*Scenes and Impressions in Egypt.*

*Ancient of days.*

<sup>6</sup> According to some the word Isis signifies ancient.

*Queen of the present, future, and the past.*

<sup>7</sup> Alluding to the well-known inscription—I am all that has been, that shall be, and none among mortals has hitherto taken off my veil.

Τα ορτα και τα ισομεια και τα γεγονοτα εγω ειμι—τοι μοι χιτωνα ουδεις απικαλυψει—οι εγω καρπων ετεκοι—ηλιος εγενετο—

## PAGE 6. STANZA XI.

*Live thro' life's morn, but wither ere the night.*

<sup>8</sup> Quam modo nascentem rutilus conspexit Eöus,  
Hanc rediens sero vespere vidit anum,  
Collige, virgo, rosas, dum flos novus et nova pubes;  
Et memor esto Ævum sic properare tuum.

*Ausonius.*

PAGE 8. STANZA XIV.

*Worshipp'd of all—Anadyomene.*

<sup>9</sup> 'Αναδυομένη, sea-born.

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PAGE 13. SONG, v. 4.

*Each other silently.*

<sup>10</sup> Love's Philosophy.—*Shelley.*

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PAGE 14. STANZA XXII.

*Fair-hair'd Selene.*

<sup>11</sup> Σιλήρη, the lustrous.

*Thine own adorer on th' accustom'd height.*

<sup>12</sup> Mount Latmos was the scene of those interviews with which Diana favoured her mortal lover.

*Still gaze, Endymion, thou art not the first.*

<sup>13</sup> A fiery thirst preys upon those who are impaled, but as to drink is to die, that last yearning of nature is not gratified until the body is insensible to any further torture. Such is the thirst of immortality, and thus only is it slaked.

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## PAGE 15. STANZA XXIV.

*Whose echoes never shall be mute.*

" Both were blind, and both formed a hell and heaven of their own,—  
the immortal part of their vision seemed to be enhanced by the absence  
of the terrestrial.

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## PAGE 16. STANZA XXV.

*On thrones of burnish'd gold the sinless dwell.*

" Mohammed's paradise is founded on the continuance of mortal passion in a region of immortality. His place of torment, with its Al sirat, &c. is better imagined.<sup>1</sup>

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## PAGE 17. STANZA XXVIII.

*On Naxos shore.*

" The birth-place of Bacchus.

*Old Cithæron's height.*

" A haunt of the Bacchanals.

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PAGE 18. STANZA XXX.

*From him, the temptèd patriarch.*

<sup>18</sup> Noah.

*From stoic Cato's philosophic thirst.*

<sup>19</sup> Narratur et prisci Catonis  
Sæpe mero caluisse, virtus.

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PAGE 29. STAR SPIRITS' SONG, v. 1.

*Each spirit has wander'd raylike from its sphere.*

<sup>20</sup> And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,  
To hear the sea-maid's music.

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PAGE 33. STANZA LII.

*Drop from the scentèd blossom of the bough.*

<sup>21</sup> Merrily, merrily shall I live now  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

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PAGE 38. THE STARS.

*To us alone he breath'd the pray'r.*

<sup>22</sup> Alluding to the Chaldæan star-worship.

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## BELSHAZZAR'S IMPIOUS FEAST.

1831.

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LIKE a check'd courser foaming in his pride,  
The broad Euphrates rolls his sleepless tide ;  
Through heav'n's blue vault the lonely queen of night,  
Unclouded, pours her melancholy light ;  
And as the night-wind sighs, her dancing beam  
With troubled radiance crests the silver stream.

But hark ! upon the breeze that murmurs by  
Is borne the distant shout of revelry ;  
The long loud laugh, the Bacchanalian song,  
Where midnight wassailers the feast prolong.  
Again in fitful pauses loud and clear,  
Its joyous echo bursts upon the ear.

A thousand torches blaze in Belus' Hall,  
A thousand banners wave along the wall ;  
Belshazzar there in impious pride elate,  
Pleasure's pale minion, feasts in guilty state ;  
Around him lie reclin'd the fair, the free,  
Both old and young, Assyria's chivalry.  
Oh ! who would think, in viewing scene so fair,  
That death had brimm'd his bitter chalice there ?

High on a throne, the rose-wreath on his brow,  
Belshazzar view'd the joyous crowd below ;  
Then, as his jocund soul exulted high,  
Thus spoke aloud his hideous blasphemy.

Fill high the sacred bowl with rosy wine,  
Yon plunder'd trophy of Jehovah's shrine !  
No less divine the gen'rous juice will be  
Than when it serv'd the conquer'd Deity.  
In vain the pious off'ring Israel gave,  
How shall their God revenge—who could not save ?

Jehovah doth not sleep, thou impious king !  
His anger rides upon the lightning's wing ;  
Submissive Israel's vanquish'd God hath sped  
The forkèd bolt of vengeance at thy head.

Dim burn'd the lamps thro' that majestic hall,  
Trembled each banner on the marble wall ;  
Then burst a lurid flame, amid whose light  
A spectral hand was dimly seen to write.  
A bloody scroll appear'd, while round it broke,  
In sable wreaths to Heav'n, the eddying smoke.  
Belshazzar saw—in vain he sought to fly  
The spell of that tremendous augury.  
In vain he shuts his eyes—the burning scroll  
Is stamp'd in deathless lustre on his soul ;  
Again he turns—the awful warning there  
Again recurs, and bids his soul despair.

Rise, ye renown'd Chaldæan sages, rise !  
Who read from Nature's glorious book—the skies ;  
Bring ev'ry charm, and speak the potent spell  
Whose mystic chain can bind the powers of Hell !

Read yonder scroll !—to you ye say 'tis given  
Alone to speak the secret will of Heav'n.  
A chain of gold and purple robe shall be  
The victor's meed ; proud kings shall bow the knee  
Before his face, and spread around his name  
The radiant immortality of fame.

In vain the white-rob'd Magi's mutter'd prayer  
In mournful cadence loads the midnight air ;  
In vain they turn them to the eastern clime,  
Or speak th' unmeaning cabalistic rhyme ;  
Vain are their prayers—no gleam prophetic stole  
In shadowy twilight to the wizard's soul ;  
The expected sign no ans'ring spirit gave,  
Sigh'd in the blast, or murmur'd from the wave.  
E'en fear was hush'd—a horrid silence there  
Brooded around—the silence of despair !

Chaldæa's priests have fail'd, but where is he  
Whose eye may pierce that veil of mystery ?  
The man of God ! insulted Israel's son !  
Shall read the fate of haughty Babylon !



Jehovah's prophet came—that youthful sage  
Smil'd at the hoary dotard's baffled rage,  
While round in all the impotence of fear,  
The list'ning satraps shudder as they hear.

For his the magic voice, and speaking eye  
Which bind the soul with secret mastery;  
His was that look with godlike feeling fraught,  
O'er which there beams the eloquence of thought;  
And his the voice whose tones so deeply steal  
Around the souls that think and hearts that feel,  
That after years are gone, the painful thrill  
Of that undying sound shall haunt them still.

Reserve thy gifts, O King ! to me 'tis giv'n  
To read yon threat'ning augury of Heav'n;  
Thy proffer'd largess let another hold—  
Jehovah bids me speak, but not for gold.  
Thy Father own'd the pow'r of Israel's God,  
And conquer'd nations trembled at his nod.  
Into his hand awhile Jehovah gave  
The teeming earth, the tributary wave ;

Around him plenty smil'd, and o'er his head  
Fortune and fame their kindest influence shed.  
But mark the change ! Elate in impious pride,  
His haughty soul the living God defied ;  
Till reft of reason, banish'd from his throne,  
Among the senseless beasts he made his moan,  
With humble suff'rance kiss'd the lifted rod,  
And bow'd beneath the chast'ning hand of God !  
And thou ! to whom thy father's fate should be  
A dreadful warning of futurity—  
How hast *thou* linger'd out thy little hour ?  
With more than mortal insolence of pow'r !  
How hast *thou* dar'd, 'mid Fortune's fickle ray,  
To curse the hand which call'd thee out of clay ?  
Hear, then, from yonder scroll th' Almighty will,  
For God hath sworn—and shall he not fulfil ?—  
Thy days are number'd, and thy reign is o'er,  
Justice awakes, and mercy is no more !  
The ambush'd Median burns in vengeful mood,  
To drench his thirsty blade in regal blood ;  
And silent hurrying on his darksome way,  
Springs like the crouching tiger to his prey.

Jehovah's heavenly guidance leads him on,  
No remnant shall be left of haughty Babylon !

'Tis past, and desolation's sadd'ning gloom  
Spreads her dark curtain o'er thy desert tomb.  
Around thy walls shall stalk the shadowy form,  
The restless fiend that rides the midnight storm ;  
The awe-struck traveller shall hasten by,  
Nor stop to pay the tribute of a sigh !  
Thy streets shall sound no more with mortal tread—  
The curse of God shall mark—the city of the dead !

# AARON STAYETH THE PLAGUE.

**A Poem,**

WHICH OBTAINED THE GOLD MEDAL AT WINCHESTER COLLEGE,

JULY, 1831.

---

OH ! for the voice of him, whose raptur'd eye  
Pierc'd the dark veil of dim futurity,  
Whose hallow'd feet on trembling Sinai trod,  
To hold tremendous converse with his God :  
Or his, the Prophet, who from Peor's brow  
Survey'd the countless hosts that lay below,  
While from his lips th' unwilling accents fell,  
“ How goodly are thy tents, O Israel : ” —  
So might I dare to wing my bolder flight,  
And drink with eagle gaze th' exhaustless flood of light.

Eager and swift his joyous course to run  
O'er Paran's plain arose the cloudless sun,  
And Judah's banner'd host, in proud array,  
Hail'd the glad promise of the new-born day:—  
That sun is bright, but ere he seek the wave,  
His beam shall rest upon a nation's grave;—  
The zephyr freshens,—but its balmy breath  
Shall float ere long an atmosphere of death.

No more from Israel's holy altars rise  
The curling steams of morning sacrifice ;  
No more throughout her camp, the voice of love  
Wafts its pure incense to the skies above:—  
Bent is each brow, and from the restless eye  
Glares the red glance of mad impiety ;  
Till onward, gath'ring fury as it ran,  
The mingled murmur pass'd from man to man.

Of him they spoke, who with themselves had known  
The victor's vengeance and the captive's groan,  
Whose arm had curb'd th' oppressor's ruthless sway,  
“ And broke his bonds and cast his cords away.”

Was this thy promise?—Was it thus to save  
The yawning sea roll'd back her greedy wave?  
Was it for this, earth felt the thrilling shock,  
And waters gush'd from out the flinty rock?  
Left we for this reward yon fruitful soil,  
Where peace and plenty crown'd our daily toil?  
For this through desert wilds have dar'd to press,  
To find a grave within the wilderness?  
And where are they—the brave whom ye have slain,  
Shall their cold ashes wake to life again?  
All crush'd they lie within their cavern'd bed,  
The wise who counsell'd, and the brave who led.  
Abiram sleeps within his cell profound,  
The blood of Dathan calls from out the ground.—  
'Twas thus they murmur'd, in their impious pride,  
'Gainst him, their Lord, their Father, and their Guide,  
Whose arm had led them on their toilsome way,  
And cheer'd their darkness with his heavenly ray.  
Jehovah hears, and sleeps not—even now  
The arm of vengeance speeds th' impending blow,  
And Hell's dark angel hov'ring in the air,  
Breaks o'er each head the phial of despair!

E'en now the deadly pest, with baneful breath,  
Spreads o'er the crowd its canopy of death !  
Ye faithful few—belov'd of Heaven, away !  
Th' unsparing sword is out to smite and slay :  
Go, get ye up from out the guilty band !  
Th' Almighty strikes,—and who shall stay his hand ?

One dreadful boding pause,—then through the sky  
Yells the wild scream of mortal agony !  
Thousands are falling—far and wide are spread,  
In one vast heap, the dying and the dead.

As when the subtle damp's malignant wreath  
Spreads o'er the miner's torch its mist of death,  
And all unseen from whence its influence came,  
Clutches with phantom grasp the struggling flame,—  
Thus sped the pest through each wild throbbing vein,  
Clasp'd the cold heart, and fir'd the reeling brain ;  
While fierce delirium urg'd its inward strife,  
And shriek'd a pray'r for death, yet madly clung to life.

Nought earthly might withstand the searching blast  
Which through the sky in shrouded terror pass'd.  
The grass that grew around, the tender flower,  
Sank parch'd and wither'd by its scorching power;—  
The greedy vulture, from his tower on high,  
Snuff'd in the tainted air with joyful cry,  
Flapp'd his dark wing, and plum'd his ruff'd crest,  
Then rose up soaring from the mountain's breast.  
Gladly he views the loathsome pile beneath,  
And calls his brethren to the feast of death.  
He ne'er shall taste:—e'en now the poison'd gale  
Strikes at his heart, his trembling pinions fail,—  
Gasping awhile he wings his weary way,  
Then flutt'ring drops upon his destin'd prey.

Why tarried Moses in that fearful hour?  
Bow'd he beneath the storm's resistless power?  
Had he no tear for Israel's fate to flow,  
Balm for her grief, or solace for her woe?  
Serene, unaw'd, nay, proudly he had borne  
The glance of anger and the taunt of scorn;



But now—he turn'd away his pitying eye :  
He could not see his own—his Israel die !

To Aaron thus he spoke his brief command :  
“ Go, take thy golden censer in thine hand,—  
Quick let the holy cloud of fragrance roll  
In due atonement for each forfeit soul ;  
Perchance the Lord may bless thy pious care,  
And, though his wrath be kindled, deign to spare.”

Swift at the word, with all undying zeal,  
And that strong hope which only faith can feel,  
With breathless haste and generous fervour ran  
Through the rebellious camp the holy man ;  
Onward he toils along the cumber'd plain,  
And stands betwixt the slayer and the slain.

O'er his wild streaming locks and ample brow  
The hand of time had flung its scattered snow ;  
Grief o'er his face in furrow'd lines had wrought  
The deep enduring trace of toil and thought ;

And in his eye there beam'd that deathless hue  
Age cannot quench, adversity subdue,  
Which sheds amidst the low'ring storm of care  
A holy calm, a patience in despair.  
His partèd lip was still, no bursting sigh  
Rose in sad echo to the mourner's cry;  
But bright'ning hope and meek-ey'd pity there  
Breath'd to their God on high the voiceless pray'r.

That pray'r was heard, and Death's upliftèd blade  
Dropp'd from his nerveless grasp,—the plague was stay'd !

But who may sing the all unearthly scene  
Which tells where that avenging sword has been,—  
Those dying forms that dare to gaze on heav'n,  
Harden'd in guilt, unaw'd and unforgiven.

See where yon warrior vainly gasps for breath,  
His proud soul wrestling with the stroke of death !  
The eye that spoke and quail'd not, now is dim ;  
Cold droops the youthful head and nervous limb.

Oh ! doubly bitter thus to feel the blow,  
And vainly grapple with the lurking foe,—  
To feel, but not to see, the venom'd dart,  
While life's red current freezes at the heart ;  
No well-known voice to soothe each anxious fear,  
And whisper comfort in his dying ear :  
No dawning hope to check each rising sigh,  
And point to brighter realms beyond the sky,—  
But conscious guilt in each convulsive throe,  
Points to a long eternity of woe.

Now turn and view where yonder cow'ring train  
Feel the wild thrill of hope thro' ev'ry vein,  
O'er each cold face diffus'd with sudden start,  
The life-blood rushes from the beating heart ;  
On him all eyes are turn'd, whose holy aid  
Had look'd on death and bid his sword be stay'd,—  
Whose feet had rush'd their fainting life to save,  
And close the greedy portals of the grave.  
But as they view'd the lifeless forms that lay  
Blacken'd and fest'ring on their kindred clay,

One sacred thrill of soft compassion stole  
In melting sadness to each alter'd soul,  
Joy turn'd to grief around that common bier,  
And pity claim'd her tributary tear.

Thus at the last, when Time itself shall die,  
And shudd'ring nature give her latest cry,  
And Chaos, hast'ning to its second birth,  
Shall 'whelm the deep foundations of the earth,—  
When the affrighted sky shall backward roll  
Before her Maker, like a burning scroll,  
When that last trump shall pierce the realms of night,  
And scare the shrieking fiends with hateful light,  
And burst the icy slumbers of the grave,  
And call the shroudless dead from ocean's wave,  
Then shall the second Aaron lift his head,  
The God that rescued, and the Lamb that bled,—  
And shew, while o'er him rests the mystic Dove,  
The full perfection of his endless love,  
Chase from the sinner's soul its joyless gloom,  
And close the gates of Hell, triumphant o'er the tomb.

## STAFFA.

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————— Neque ego illi detrahère ausim  
Hærentem capiti multâ cum laude, coronam.

---

DARKLY the wreathèd mists their curtain spread,  
Child of the ocean ! round thy rocky bed,  
While yet the northern sun, with frigid smile,  
Streams in red twilight o'er each distant isle.  
But darker still beneath, the waveless deep,  
Lull'd in fierce calmness, like a Titan's sleep,  
Lies motionless—as when the Almighty breath  
First rous'd its waters from their trance of death ;  
And floating on like strains of joy and rest,  
The new-born Zephyr kiss'd its dimpled breast.

Shorn of his beams, the sun, with mellow'd ray,  
O'er distant Ulva' struggles into day ;  
Fresh from another world he springs, and now  
Sits as a crown upon the mountain's brow.  
'Tis but a moment—dim before him rise  
The curling steams of ocean's sacrifice ;  
As if in homage, see ! the vapours fly,  
Borne on the breeze, beneath the redd'ning sky,  
Till you may trace, amid their varying shade,  
The baseless arch, or airy colonnade,  
Like that where oft Morgana's fairy pride  
Builds her brief pageant o'er the busy tide.<sup>2</sup>

Slowly emerging from the vapour's night,  
The shrouded islet steals upon the sight,  
More lovely thus than when the mid-day beam  
Shall mar the gazer's imitative dream,

<sup>1</sup> Ulva, a small island at a short distance from Staffa.

<sup>2</sup> The Fata Morgana is supposed by the vulgar to be the work of a fairy.

And give to open view each charm reveal'd,  
Which fancy deems more beauteous when concealed.  
For such are human joys, that doubt can throw  
A deeper zest round ev'ry bliss below ;  
And fond hope, pointing onward to the last,  
Still paints the future brighter than the past.

More slowly yet the thin veil rolls away  
Bright glows the wave beneath the dancing ray,  
And Staffa's thousand columns seem to leap  
From ocean's breast—a temple of the deep.  
As if e'en now some wizard's demon hand  
Had bade the pillar rise, the arch expand,  
Rais'd by his spell, behold ! yon wond'rous cave  
Has bridg'd with hollow span the pathless wave ;  
And bidding proud defiance to the sea,  
The wall has heav'd its unwrought masonry.

Stern in thy beauty ! nature's warmer smile  
Beams not for thee, thou rude and lonely isle !  
No twining lichen wreaths thy sullen crest,  
No wild flow'r blossoms from thy rocky breast ;

No waving foliage woos the summer gale,  
No streamlet lends its freshness to the vale ;  
But o'er each whiten'd cliff the wintry blast  
Has howl'd for aye, in fury, as it pass'd—  
Hurling the wave on high, till e'en the rock  
Trembled beneath its elemental shock.

Yet art thou beauteous ! o'er the earth and sea,  
Where is that spot which shall compare with thee ?  
Thy mystic hall, which stands as erst it stood  
When through its arches swept the awaken'd flood,  
And firm as when beneath their friendly shade  
Its secret den the huge Behemoth made.  
Thy columns' cluster'd form, whose ev'ry part  
Seems built in Nature's mockery of art,  
Whose ev'ry shape the hidden artist's skill  
Doth seem to mould obedient to his will.  
The broken light, which tremulously falls  
With partial gleam along thy cavern'd walls,  
Like some old cloister, where the twilight gray  
O'er less'ning arches sheds its feeble ray,



Till the long vista blends each melting hue,  
And veils in night the gazer's 'raptur'd view.  
Oh ! may not fancy prompt the pleasing dream,  
That Genius stole from thee his earliest theme?  
To thee we owe each once monastic pile,  
To thee the dim cathedral's Gothic aisle ;  
From thy primæval architecture rose  
Each labour'd charm that science still bestows.

But what art thou ? We see thee in thy pride,  
Stemming, unmov'd thyself, the baffled tide ;  
We see thee rear on high thy giant form,  
Safe 'mid the whirlwind, reckless of the storm—  
But still we know thee not ; no mortal tongue  
Hath told—shall tell—from whence thy fabric sprung.  
Perchance thou wast of Chaos, when the earth  
Awoke in beauty to its second birth ;  
When sun and stars beneath the Eternal's eye,  
Fraught with glad music, floated o'er the sky  
Or wert thou rais'd, as later legends tell,  
From ocean's depths by that tremendous spell

Which dæmon lips to godlike Fingal gave,  
Hailing his proud dominion o'er the wave ?

Nature ! we see 'tis thine, no mortal arm,  
Pois'd the firm rock, or cull'd th' unholy charm ;  
No dæmon toil'd to rear the fretted cell,  
Bound by tradition's visionary spell.

Thou wert the architect—but who may trace  
Thy secret workings in the viewless space ?  
Say, did the red volcano's fiery sweep  
Roar in wild conflict through the troubled deep ?  
Or did the earthquake, herald of its birth,  
Ope the dark portal of the teeming earth ?

In vain we ask—no perishable eye  
May pierce the veil that shrouds thy mystery ;  
But still we view thee, in each varied name,  
For ever chang'd, or changing, still the same ;  
Thron'd on the glacier, smiling in the vale,  
Borne on the whirlwind, breathing in the gale,  
Bright in the rising sun's unwearied beam,  
Wild in the forkèd lightning's angry gleam,

Nurse of the flow'r that decks the mountain's brow,  
Lord of the prison'd flame that howls below,  
Where shall we find the rude neglected spot  
Which thou hast shunn'd—in which thou dwellest not ?

The victor sea-king, while his homeward sail  
Woo'd to its swelling breast the northern gale,  
Yet stay'd his falcon flight, to gaze awhile  
On those fair cliffs, and that mysterious isle,  
Where dwelt for aye, enchain'd within his cave,  
The spell-bound dæmon of the tortur'd wave,  
Whose frantic moanings oft were heard to swell  
The storm—within whose breast he loved to dwell.

Such was the tale whose legendary sway  
Could charm the warlike pilgrim from his way ;  
That lurking spell which, name it as ye will,  
O'er masters pow'r, and mocks at wisdom still.  
And oft, in later times, tradition told  
Of shepherd boy who watch'd his lonely fold—

What time the sea-bird hush'd her wailing cry,  
And the last sunbeam blended sea and sky—  
Who saw on yonder rock, whose rugged side  
Heeds not the ripple of the laughing tide,  
A female form, who wrung with eager care  
The jetty tendrils of her loosen'd hair ;  
But soon she turn'd, and quick with noiseless leap  
Plung'd like a meteor to her home—the deep.

Oh ! think the poet err'd not when he gave  
Their bright inhabitants to earth and wave ;  
E'en now the Dryad haunts her grove, and still  
The classic Naiad loves her gushing rill.  
Still the green circle marks at early dawn  
Where elfin feet have gemm'd the dewy lawn.  
Nor have the sea-maids left their silent reign  
Within the glassy chambers of the main.  
For oft at sunset's glow, or twilight hour,  
The faëry world resumes its little power,  
And finds not o'er the earth a fitter shrine,  
A fairer home, thou desert isle, than thine.

Approach and enter<sup>3</sup>—where thou treadest now  
The Celt has trod before thee, and his brow  
Was rais'd like thine is, with inquiring gaze,  
Toward the silent pile of other days.  
To him the place was holy, for it told  
Of those who lived—the mighty ones of old,  
The wise in council, and in battle strong,  
Whose deeds of blood are chronicled in song.  
To him it was no solitude—his eye  
Call'd into life each shape of phantasy.  
He saw great Fingal with unechoed pace  
Stalk wildly o'er his spirit's dwelling-place ;  
And car-borne Oscar, as in youth he died,  
Stanch the warm blood that welter'd from his side.  
He saw the warrior bard<sup>4</sup> whose kindling lay  
Hymn'd the dark rapture of the god-like fray ;  
Or prouder still, upon the battle plain,  
Peal'd the triumphant death-note of the slain.

<sup>3</sup> As the sea never ebbs entirely out, it forms the only floor to this cave (Fingal's), but the broken range of columns which produces the exterior causeway is continued on each side within it.—*M<sup>r</sup> Culloch*.

<sup>4</sup> Ossian.

These were the gods of that unearthly shrine,  
This was his vision—Christian, what is thine ?

To thee it tells of one whose hallow'd name  
Dwelt on thy lip when first its language came ;  
Who heard thee lisp to Heav'n thine infant pray'r  
While yet thou knew'st not that a God was there ;  
The same who erst to rescued Israel gave  
A path of safety through the riven wave ;  
And girt with Nature's agonizing groan,  
Scorch'd upon Sinai's brow the shrinking stone—  
Whose feet thick darkness cover'd where he trod,  
The framer of the world, the great, the living God.

Oh ! what a temple for the heart to rise,  
Elate, in glad communion with the skies,  
And all unchain'd by chilling time or space,  
To meet its own Creator face to face ;  
No worldly thought to fling its with'ring stain,  
And call the spirit back to earth again ;  
No vulgar eye to check th' enthusiast's zeal,  
And mock those yearnings that it may not feel ;

No altar built with hands, no dome supplied,  
The costly gift of penitence or pride ;  
No labour'd strain to prompt the ling'ring soul,  
And urge it onward to its heav'nly goal,  
But the wild music of the measur'd wave,  
That speeds its greeting to the thirsty cave,  
And each unchisell'd stone, whose front sublime  
Has frown'd in triumph o'er the stroke of time.

Who has not felt amid the storm of life,  
When the heart sickens of its hopeless strife,  
That holiness of solitude, which throws  
O'er passion's self the aspect of repose ?  
Which falls like dew upon the soul, and brings  
A transient gush from life's exhausted springs.  
Then mem'ry calls us back to those glad days  
When life seem'd beauteous to our erring gaze,  
Ere yet our sinless childhood learnt to weep,  
Or infant conscience whisper'd from her sleep  
Each virtuous thought of youth, each holier thrill,  
O'er which the world had flung its dead'ning chill ;

Then wàkes again, and through the silent air  
The chasten'd heart pours forth its voiceless prayer.

Adieu, fair Child of Ocean ! now no more  
The pilgrim's foot may trace thy lonely shore.  
No more, alas ! his raptur'd eye may dwell  
On tow'ring cliff or fairy-haunted cell.  
Like that undying one, condemn'd to roam  
Through ev'ry land—in none to find a home ;  
He journeys on, where'er the welcome gale  
O'er Ocean's breast may speed his swelling sail ;  
More free to breathe in solitude than when  
He treads with humbled step the haunts of men ;  
And oft perchance in some more favour'd isle,  
Where ceaseless summer sheds her gentler smile,  
Shall Mem'ry turn to thee her wakeful eye,  
Fraught with that simple love that ne'er can die.  
Again farewell ! for sinking in the west,  
Each glancing sunbeam tints the ocean's breast ;  
And the lone sea-bird wings her homeward way,  
Warn'd to her nest by each departing ray.



Scarce seen afar, the fisher's scanty sail  
Reluctant spreads before the fickle gale,  
And lulling each unholy thought to sleep,  
Eve's dewy mantle hovers o'er the deep :  
O'er thee she hastes to pour her balmy spell—  
Again, thou lonely Child of Ocean, fare thee well !

# GRANADA :

## A Prize Poem,

RECITED IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD,

JUNE 19, 1833.

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It is a story, Monsieur Le Notaire, said the gentleman, which will rouse up every affection in nature: it will kill the humane, and touch the heart of Cruelty herself with pity.—The notary was inflamed with a desire to begin, and put his pen a third time into his inkhorn; and the old gentleman, turning a little more towards the notary, began to dictate his story in these words——

STERNE.

---

THRON'D in thy beauty on the mountain's breast,  
Fair as the fabled mansions of the blest,  
Bright as that fount,<sup>1</sup> the Arab's desert star,  
Whose gem-like waters sparkle from afar,

<sup>1</sup> The diamond of the desert, described by Sir Walter Scott in the Talisman.

Art thou, Granada ! Man may ruin still,  
Himself, the weak creations of his will ;  
Pour forth the vessels of his puny wrath,  
And heap the wreck of empires on his path ;  
But Nature's beauty knows not of decay,  
Fears not the spoiler, recks not of the fray :  
And such is thine. Unhush'd, the mountain gale  
Drinks in the dewy freshness of the vale ;  
And still the streamlet, on its homeward flight,  
Bares its unshrinking bosom to the light ;  
Rob'd in the icy mantle of the sky,  
The far Sierra lifts its front on high ;  
And gaily springing from the bloodless sod,  
The wild flow'r blossoms where the warrior trod.

Yet not alone to vale or mountain stream  
Hath Beauty lent her consecrating beam ;  
Lo ! where the city lifts, as if in scorn,  
Her airy turrets to the op'ning morn.  
What though the victor's wrath, the bigot's zeal,  
Have marr'd the grandeur they could never feel ;

While cold neglect, that waiteth upon man,  
Urg'd on the wreck that Tyranny began ?  
They could not tear the wreath that time has cast,  
Or still the voice that speaketh of the past ;  
Though lost the crescent, Beauty lingers yet  
On swelling dome and sparkling minaret :  
She haunts the mosque, though no Muezzin there  
Calls the grave Moslem to his wonted pray'r ;  
And hangs the symbol of her deathless pow'r  
From the gray summit of the moss-grown tow'r.  
Yet hence, perchance, the warder's startled eye  
Dwelt on the Goth's advancing chivalry :  
He saw each banner'd squadron proudly sweep  
Through the deep glen and round th' untrodden steep ;  
And curs'd the hated Giaour, whose Christian hand  
Had loos'd War's hell-hounds o'er his father-land.

Yes ! War hath left its dismal record here,  
Traced in the victim's blood, the mourner's tear ;  
Stamp'd in fierce meaning on the batter'd wall,  
Writ in the silence of the ruin'd hall.

Here from the lip of myriads burst on high  
The Christian shout, the Moslem battle-cry :  
Each deep-embosom'd vale, and giant rock,  
Gave forth its voice in answer to the shock.

Charge for the crescent, Islam !—boldly here  
Spur the wild steed, and grasp the gory spear !  
Lift high the blade, and shake the loosen'd rein,  
And nerve each arm, that ne'er may strike again !

On for the cross ! their fainting squadrons reel :  
Forward for Spain, ye warriors of Castile !  
Saints smile approving o'er each knightly deed—  
Glory for all—but Heav'n for those who bleed !

Such was the echoing shout that madly rose  
Through Andalusia's valleys of repose.  
Swift as the rous'd simoom's unearthly blast  
The war-tide rush'd, and wasted as it pass'd.  
And well thy gallant sons, Morisma ! gave  
Their breasts to stem its desolating wave :

Their's was the frantic hate, the undying will,  
That thirsted less to conquer—than to kill ;  
The fell revenge, that ask'd no second strife,  
The scorn that fled not with the fleeting life.  
Yet all were vain !—What boots it now to tell  
How the Goth triumph'd, and the Moslem fell ?

Mourn in thy widowhood, Morisma ! mourn  
Thy sceptre wrested, and thy banner torn ;  
Queen of the west ! the unbeliever now  
Hath rent the crown of beauty from thy brow :  
The stranger lords it o'er thy prostrate line,  
The Christian worships at thy conquer'd shrine :  
Thy warrior sons are slain in nameless strife,  
Or live—to curse the bitterness of life.  
Scorn'd, like the Jew of old, they cross the wave,  
To seek the stranger's heritage—a grave ;  
And oft, perchance, on Afric's desert wide,  
Whose pillar'd sands upon the whirlwind ride ;  
Where no glad fountain greets the frenzied eye,  
And nought is left the wand'rer—but to die ;

Shall Mem'ry, strong in death, awake to tell  
Of that far region which he lov'd so well.  
Again, oh once again, his cheek is faun'd  
By the soft breezes of his native land :  
Again he seems with joyful step to rove  
Through flow'ry mead and fountain-water'd grove ;  
And marks from barren rock or swelling hill  
The silver windings of the smooth Xenil :—

Rais'd like the eagle's mountain-nest on high,  
Each lordly turret, flashing to the sky,  
Hallow'd by minstrel's lyre and warrior's lance,  
Th' Alhambra rears its palace of romance.  
On through the spell-bound portal, ere thy tread  
Wake from their dreamless sleep the kingly dead :  
Ere yet thy view some fierce enchanter blast,  
Gaze on the beauteous chambers of the past :  
For here, 'tis said, at midnight's spectral hour,  
Boabdil leads again his vanquish'd pow'r ;  
With meteor pennon streaming to the gale,  
His warriors march beneath the moonbeam pale :

From haunted rock and fairy cavern freed,  
Flashes the sword, and starts the foaming steed;  
Bright waves the plume o'er many a crest of gold,  
On high the banner spreads its silken fold;  
But yet no sound is there—no footsteps fall,  
To wake the echoes of that peopled hall:  
From each unstirring lip no gather'd breath  
Breaks forth to mar the mockery of death.

Oh yes, if mem'ry lives beyond the tomb,  
Unquench'd, unconscious of the body's doom;  
If from the darkling vault and narrow urn  
To each lov'd haunt the spirit may return;  
Here would thy soul, Boabdil, linger yet,  
Still forc'd to love, still pow'rless to forget;  
For ne'er did painter's skill, or poet's dream,  
Fancy's wrapt gaze, or Hope's prophetic gleam—  
Not that bold seer<sup>1</sup> who view'd with mortal eye  
His saints' eternal mansions in the sky—  
Shape out more beauty for heav'n's distant sphere,  
Than man hath rais'd in earthly triumph here.

<sup>1</sup> Mahomet.



Its courts are silent now—the wise, the brave,  
The sceptred despot, and the kneeling slave ;  
The beauteous forms, that like a vision stray'd,  
Haunting the lone Zenanah's blissful shade ;  
All—all are gone for ever : cold and mute  
Sleeps the glad music of Zorayda's lute.  
Hush'd is each fount that warbled as it fell,  
Like prison'd syren whispering o'er her spell,  
And bright no more the shaken blossoms fling  
Their wonted fragrance o'er the zephyr's wing.  
Lo ! Heav'n's avenger ! on his destin'd way  
Rushes the Goth to scatter and to slay—  
And none may wait his coming—all are fled,  
Save the weak dying, and the ghastly dead.

The sun had set, but still his ling'ring beam  
Dwelt in the cloud, and danced upon the stream :  
Slept in calm beauty on the mountain's brow,  
And touch'd with checquer'd light the forest bough.  
The sun had set—no breeze was heard to sigh  
Through the deep azure of the tranquil sky :

No wayward ripple crisp'd the silent rill,  
But Nature smil'd in gladness—and was still.

Earth hath its calm—the tempests have their sleep,  
But man must wake, that fellow men may weep.  
Charter'd through life to torture or to bear,  
He only knows no respite from despair.  
Hark to that cry, whose feebly-echoed wail  
Swells on the death-like stillness of the vale ;  
Reft of his friends, unnotic'd by the foe,  
Boabdil wends his pilgrimage of woe.  
With no unmanly tear, without a groan,  
The warrior prince had left his fallen throne :  
He could not wait the victor's courteous wile,  
Or bend to woo compassion's tardy smile :  
He could not see the proud invader roam  
Through the lov'd chambers of his palace home.  
No stranger's eye should view, no tongue should tell  
The piercing anguish of that wild farewell  
Which nature crav'd, as now he stood to cast  
One burning look, the longest, and the last.

Fair was the scene ! eve's thousand hues of light  
Bath'd the wide Vega's garden of delight :  
Its green bank curtain'd by the blushing rose,  
The winding streamlet wander'd to repose :  
Through groves of balm the waken'd zephyr play'd,  
And aye some fountain sparkled from their shade ;  
While far beyond, the lov'd Alhambra lay,  
Shrin'd in the dying lustre of the day.

Is it the damp of eve, whose misty veil  
Hangs like a wreath upon the viewless gale ?  
Is it some meteor beam, or heav'n-lit star,  
Whose fiery radiance flashes from afar ?  
Hence—'tis the volleying peal—that roars to tell  
The scornful triumph of the infidel.  
He heard—till now despair had never wrung  
Tear from his eye, or murmur from his tongue ;  
But now it might not be—the pow'rless mind  
Bent like a reed beneath the rushing wind :  
In vain the quiv'ring lip would falter still  
One stoic word, that mocks the speaker's will.

“ Allah Akbar ! ”<sup>1</sup> away !—that gushing tear  
Speaks from the heart—What doth the exile here ?

Loud is the wail through yon despairing town,  
And chang'd the scene beneath a tyrant's frown :  
Sunk is the daring glance, whose vengeful glow  
Once lower'd in fierceness on the coming foe ;  
Crush'd the proud soul, and chain'd the patriot hand,  
Which pois'd the spear, or sway'd the battle-brand ;  
And o'er the conquer'd mosque's converted dome  
The worshipp'd cross hath found its changeless  
home ;  
While far beneath, the waning crescent lies,  
A rayless outcast from its native skies.

<sup>1</sup> While he yet looked, a light cloud of smoke burst forth from the citadel : and presently a peal of artillery, faintly heard, told that the city was taken possession of, and that the throne of the Moslem kings was lost for ever. The heart of Boabdil, softened by misfortunes, and overcharged with grief, could no longer contain itself : “ Allah Akbar ! ” God is great ! said he ; but the words of resignation died upon his lips, and he burst into a flood of tears.—*Irving's Conquest of Granada.*

In the deserted dwelling of the strong  
The peaceful hermit chaunts his matin song ;  
And where the Haram frown'd, the Convent rears  
Its house of mourning, and its home of tears.

Oh woman ! not for thee the living tomb,  
The Haram's splendour, or the Convent's gloom :  
Not thine to bend at fear's unhallow'd nod,  
And scorn the world, to please creation's God :  
To see, to feel, that earth, that life is fair,  
Yet weep to think thou hast no portion there !  
No, child of joy ! a holier task is thine,  
A brighter prospect, and a purer shrine.  
'Tis thine to curb the passions' madd'ning sway,  
And wipe the mourner's bitter tear away :  
'Tis thine to soothe, when hope itself has fled,  
And cheer with angel smile the suff'rer's bed :  
To give to earth its charm, to life its zest,  
One only task—to bless, and to be blest.

Weep, Islam ! weep, thy Koran's sainted page  
Hath felt the bigot Goth's fanatic rage.

And came he then with pitying hand to bring  
A holier worship from a purer spring ?  
Came he with lowly step, and soothing voice,  
To aid the humble, bid the weak rejoice ?  
To bid the haughty spirit's strength be bow'd,  
Raise up the feeble, and abash the proud ?  
Oh no ! in earthly guise the teacher came,  
With robe of crimson, and with scourge of flame !  
His the tremendous creed which sought to tear  
Faith from defiance, worship from despair.  
And his th' infuriate pride, which lov'd to strain  
Belief from writhing lip and throbbing brain.  
Stern Persecution stood, with iron smile,  
To ply the rack, or light the ready pile :  
And as she watch'd her tortur'd victim bleed,  
Held mercy's cross to consecrate the deed !

And is it thus, dread Father ? can it be  
That man should frame an off'ring meet for thee ?  
Is thine ear gladden'd by thy creature's cry ?  
Is murder foul no more to Mercy's eye ?

And was it thus the Shepherd brought of old  
His wand'ring flock to their deserted fold ?  
Not such *thy* coming when the promis'd light  
Shall scare with seraph wing the fleeting night :  
When through the waken'd earth thy cross shall win  
Its bloodless triumph o'er defeated sin.  
Then—at the fulness of appointed time—  
Earth's every race shall flock from every clime.  
E'en now they come—through each resounding shore  
A voice hath ~~to~~ told that sin shall be no more.  
From the far regions of the frozen north  
The fur-clad chieftain leads his myriads forth :  
And by the dark Savannah's lonely side  
The warrior Indian vails his stoic pride.  
Lo ! Hagar's offspring, doom'd no more to roam,  
List the glad sound, and leave their desert home ;  
And rous'd from Ganges' God-deserted stream,  
The Brahmin turns to hail a holier beam.  
Forc'd by no torture, aw'd not by the sword,  
The Moslem leaves for aye his prophet lord ;  
And see, repentant Israel bows her down  
To Him, who wore of old her martyr crown.

Till, from one mighty tongue, the mingled pray'r  
Swells in glad homage through the silent air ;  
And nations join in one adoring cry,  
The earth their altar, and their shrine the sky.



## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

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### ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF YOUNG LAMBTON.

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REPRINTED FROM THE TIMES.

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1832.

THOU'RT gone—I cannot weep for thee, thou bright and  
beauteous boy !

Thou'rt gone—e'er manhood's tear could mar the fulness of  
thy joy,

E'er dark affliction's storm had lower'd o'er youth's un-  
troubled sea,

Thy bark has anchor'd in the port—I cannot weep for  
thee !

Thy beauty was not of the earth—that face was heav’nly  
fair,

But who could trace th’ unholy mark of mortal passion  
there ?

I would not have thee linger on till worldliness should shed  
Its furrow’d wrinkle o’er thy brow—I joy that thou art  
dead !

Thou hast not felt the guilty pang that waken’d conscience  
brings,

The deadly chill that time can throw around all earthly  
things ;

Around thee love and friendship shone in fancy’s glitt’ring  
dress,

Why should’st thou live for years to prove—their utter  
nothingness.

Thou’rt gone—but he who sits on high to pity and to save  
Shall call thee from thy quiet sleep—triumphant o’er the  
grave.

Yet all in vain my stoic vow—for if a tear there be

Within this cold and cheerless heart—that tear shall flow  
for thee !

## TO THE BRIDESMAID WEeping.

1832.

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WEEP on ! weep on ! thy future tears  
Shall not be like to this ;  
To thee they bring relief—but years  
Shall rob them of their bliss.

The dew that gems the op'ning flow'r  
Reflects the morning ray—  
Go—seek it at the sultry hour !  
Hath it not pass'd away ?

And thus shall future passion quell  
Each tear that fain would spring,  
And thou shalt sink beneath its spell,  
Like flowret withering.

## OH ! TAKE AGAIN THY COSTLY GIFT.

1833.

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OH ! take again thy costly gift, take back thy proffer'd  
vow,

Love dwells not in the broken heart—I may not listen  
now ;

A fearful bridegroom waits for me, and with him I must  
wed ;

I haste within the grave to hold my bridal with the  
dead.

Go seek a heart whose ev'ry throb from sorrow's weight is  
free,

But breathe not in the ear of death such fearful  
mockery ;

Trust not my cheek—corruption's worm is preying on its  
bloom;

Seek not my love—its earliest vow was plighted to the  
tomb.

To me life is a passing dream of hopelessness and dread,  
I seem to drain a poison'd cup whose bitterness has fled;  
How often have I long'd in vain for that eternal sleep,  
Where mortal sorrow mourneth not, and woe forgets to weep!

Then shed no tear for one who died in life's unclouded  
morn,

For if I have not pluck'd the rose, I have not felt the  
thorn.

I look to Him who dwells above in mercy and in might,  
For He who laid the burden on can make that burden light.

## SONG OF THE SEA ELVES.

1832.

---

SILENTLY, silently, over the sea,

The vesper breeze is blowing—

Silently, silently, over the sea,

Our faëry barque is going.

We hoist no sail to the dying gale,

We have no helm to guide ;

But we whisper our spell to those who dwell

Beneath that sunless tide.

Our wayward course where'er we roam

By starlike eyes is lit ;

Our barque is of the ocean foam,

The tempest fashion'd it.

We greet with a song, as we pass along,  
The mariner Nautilus,  
In his ship of pearl the sail he must furl,  
For he dare not cope with us.

For ours is ev'ry coral cave  
That shines beneath the sea ;  
Within the chambers of the wave  
Aristocrats are we !

Our faëry zone with pearls is strown,  
And tiny foambells gem,  
When they sparkle bright in the pale moonlight,  
Our elfin diadem.

Our robe is of the rising mist,  
Dyed red in morning's ray ;  
Our small feet which the waves have kiss'd  
Are sandal'd by the spray.

The waves that leap wild o'er the deep

Our nimble playmates be ;

And the distant wail of the dying gale

Our ocean melody.

\* \* \* \* \*



# ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. W. BURY,

LATE TUTOR AT WINCHESTER.

1830.

---

'Twas whisper'd round—a deadly chill smote on the  
list'ning ear,

A vague presentiment of ill, a feeling worse than fear—  
Few were the words, yet something seem'd to check the  
hearer's breath,

The voice was low, but yet methought its argument was  
death.

He could not live—the icy hand of death was on his brow,  
The grisly mower's scythe had laid the youthful flow'ret  
low ;

He could not live—the tide of life was ebbing fast away,  
E'en as that drooping flowret sinks beneath the summer  
ray.

At length in accents low and deep the fearful tidings  
came,  
And meek affection falter'd forth the well-remember'd  
name ;  
Tho' few and simple were the words that youthful pity  
said,  
They smote upon the hearer's heart—" Poor fellow, he is  
dead !"

The Christian's creed may point above to realms beyond  
the sky,  
But still it is a dreadful thing for one so young to die—  
When hope's gay prospects brighten round our little life  
to bless,  
Oh ! who may drink that cup of woe in all its bitterness.

He did not shrink—all holy, then, and calm was his despair,  
That radiant smile was on his face that faith may only  
wear ;  
And e'en in death a transient fire was lighted in his eye,  
As if it hail'd the op'ning view of immortality.

TO \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

WHEN the moon is softly stealing  
Thro' her bright path in the sky,  
And evening dew like tears of feeling  
Sparkles in each flow'ret's eye—  
Oh ! then I'll think of thee !

When the lightning flash is gleaming  
Through my torn and riven sail,  
Wilder yet and wilder streaming  
'Mid the tempest's angry wail—  
Oh ! still I'll think of thee !

When the goblet's light is shining  
From its beacon in the eye,  
And mirth her rosy chaplet twining,  
Bids each cloud of sorrow fly—  
Oh ! then I'll think of thee !

But wilt thou, when thoughts of gladness

Brightly in thy bosom swell,

Wilt thou, when the tears of sadness

Drop from mem'ry's silent cell,

Say—wilt thou think of me ?

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF ——— ———.

---

AND this is fame !—so fondly sought—when life has pass'd  
away,  
To be the thoughtless idler's jest, the topic of a day ;  
And thus it is death's icy touch can loose the magic spell  
Of him—whose mem'ry claims a tear from those he lov'd  
so well.

The fool may jest, the heartless laugh, the idler say his  
say,  
Or rake each fault from out the tomb, and mock the  
buried clay ;  
Thine ear is cold—the voice of blame is all unheeded  
now,  
But yet methinks some other hand—should deal the  
deadly blow !

Shall man recal thy sinful deeds from that unseen abode,  
Where they in trembling hope await the fiat of thy God ?  
They shall appear when flesh shall kneel before its  
Saviour's feet,  
And man confront his fellow-man—around the judgment  
seat.

One simple wreath the muse shall twine around thy lowly  
bier,  
And drop from pity's hallow'd source affection's artless  
tear ;  
Amid the gay deluded crowd, th' unfeeling, and the free,  
One heart not all corrupt shall keep—a treasur'd sigh  
for thee.

## HAPPINESS.

---

'Twas but a gleam of hope descending,  
A meteor light that quickly fled—  
One happy flow'r its bright hues blending  
With the dark garland of the dead.

---

## FORGETFULNESS.

1830.

---

FORGETFULNESS ! Forgetfulness ! when wilt thou come  
to me ?

Thou only rest to which at length my wearied soul may  
flee ;

Can mercy dwell for such as I in yonder peaceful heav'n ?

Alas ! my sins are numberless—they cannot be forgiv'n !

Forgetfulness ! Forgetfulness ! I've sought thee far and  
wide,

But aye the busy fiend remorse was waiting at my side ;  
I've sought thee 'mid the joyous throng, the thoughtless,  
and the free—

Alas ! that ill-dissembled joy—was pain and grief to me.

Within the rustic's lowly cot I sought thy secret spell,  
I sought thee in the tentèd field, the hermit's saintèd  
cell.

Forgetfulness ! Forgetfulness ! to thee alone I pray—  
The weight of guilt is on my soul—oh take that weight  
away !

Go bow thee down before thy God, for he alone can save ;  
Forgetfulness thou soon shalt find, she sleeps within the  
grave ;

Thy grief shall be a sacrifice to Him who dwells in heav'n,  
And though thy sins be numberless, they all shall be  
forgiv'n !



## WOMAN'S LOVE.

---

“ THE brightest and best of the sons of the morning”\*  
May wane in their beauty, and meteor-like fall ;  
The bright sun of Heav’n may be dimm’d in his dawning,  
But woman’s affection is stronger than all !

When the storm of affliction is low’ring around us,  
It gleams like a star on the far-rolling wave ;  
When the chain of oppression or slav’ry has bound us,  
It soothes our existence—or hallows our grave.

The friendship of man—’tis a transient emotion,  
The child of deception—a thing of to-day ;  
Like the snow-wreath that falls on the breast of the ocean,  
’Tis seen for a moment—then passes away.

\* This verse is almost copied from a hymn of Heber’s.

“ The brightest and best of the sons of the morning”  
May wane in their beauty, and meteor-like fall ;  
The bright sun of Heav’n may be dimm’d in his dawning,  
But woman’s affection is stronger than all !

## THE MURDERER.

1831.

---

TALK not to me of hope above, talk not to me of pray'r ;  
I have no hope—I look'd to heav'n, but found no mercy  
there !

Then tell me not of him who died—God's own begotten  
Son,  
His blood would fail to wash away—the deed that I have  
done.

There is no madness on me now, but like a fiery rain  
Delirium's wild unearthly thoughts come rushing o'er my  
brain ;  
The gulph of hell is yawning wide ! its red light fires  
mine eye,  
Its darkness dwells within my soul !—Oh God, I cannot  
die !

It is a lone and aged man that kneels beside him now,  
The prison light is streaming o'er his calm uplifted brow ;  
He talks of that celestial gate where mercy doth abide,  
And of the felon who with Christ—was saved and crucified.

E'en as a reed his spirit bow'd all meek and broken there,  
One gleam of hope had flash'd across the blackness of  
despair.

He felt as he had felt in youth, when heav'n above him  
smil'd,

And as he sank upon his knees—wept like a weanèd  
child.

## CONSUMPTION.

1831.

---

I KNEW—I knew it was not health which gave that hectic  
bloom,  
Yet could I think that roseate hue the herald of the tomb?  
I did not trust the transient fire that sparkled in her eye,  
Yet could I think that one so bright, so beautiful, must  
die?

I dar'd not whisper to myself the fear that o'er me came!  
Was it the failing source of life which fed that fatal flame?  
A liquid light was in her eye that mock'd her shorten'd  
breath,  
Was it the fire that gleams within the charnel vault of  
death?

But she would faintly smile, and try to soothe my chilling  
fear,

And talk of home and happier hours, and wipe the falling  
tear.

I knew—I felt that all was false—but how could I  
despair?

My soul was sad, but Hope had fix'd her last frail watch-  
light there.

But soon, alas! that fitful dream of hope had pass'd  
away!

Oh, God! that such a beauteous thing should be the  
earthworm's prey!

I felt her quiv'ring pulse subside, I mark'd her failing  
breath;

I saw the last faint smile depart—and knew that this was  
death!

PARAPHRASE OF A PASSAGE IN THE  
HIPPOLYTUS.

1833.

---

*Phædra.* Upraise my head, ye virgins ! let me feel  
The fanning breeze along my temples steal.  
Support each languid arm, whose with'ring chill  
Droops all unconscious of the pow'rless will.  
Unbind yon jewell'd braid—its silken strain  
Sits like a weight upon my throbbing brain.  
And let each golden tress with wilder flow  
Float in glad freedom o'er my breast below.

*Nurse.* Be calm, my child ; each restless thought re-  
strain—  
Impatience will not mitigate thy pain.  
Life's cup is brimm'd with woe, and happiest they  
Who drink, yet smile its bitterness away.

*Phædra.* Oh ! that I were by some bright fountain's  
side,

Whose waters make sweet music as they glide !  
To drink with parchèd lip its crystal dew,  
Till e'en my soul should taste its coolness too ;  
Or where the yielding Dryad spreads on high,  
Sport of the winds, her leafy canopy—  
Upon whose grassy bed——

*Nurse.* Hold ! hold, my child !

What means this maniac speech, that eye so wild—  
Peace ! for each frenzied wish thou speak'st aloud  
Would pass for madness with the list'ning crowd.

*Phædra.* Haste to the mountain—haste ! again I'll  
rove

With joyful step beneath its arching grove.  
By heav'n I long to join the sylvan fray,  
And cheer my gallant bloodhounds to their prey,  
To hurl the steel along my flowing hair,  
And track the wounded victim to its lair.



*Nurse.* What words are these? Not thine the hunts-  
man's toil,—

Not thine the forest life or sylvan spoil.

But if, e'en now, thy fever'd lip should crave

To quaff the virgin streamlet's glassy wave,

Thou know'st the fount whose friendly waters glide

Where thou may'st taste them—by yon turret's side.

*Phædra.* Queen of the waveless strand, Diana! hear,  
Thou who do'st urge the youthful charioteer!  
Would that I were in some sequester'd mead,  
Taming with thee each wild Venetian steed.

*Nurse.* Is it some spell whose impulse o'er thee cast,  
Frames each new wish more frantic than the last?  
Now to the forest borne thou long'st to rove,  
A sylvan huntress thro' its arching grove;  
And now to guide, with inexperience'd hand,  
Thy foaming coursers o'er the waveless strand.  
In sooth 'twere worthy of some augur's skill  
To trace thy mystic origin of ill;

For sure some God, exulting in thy pain,  
Sheds this delirium o'er thy wilder'd brain.

*Phædra.* Ah me ! what have I said while reason's  
light

Was quench'd ?—Oh blame me not, in passion's night  
What have I done ?—What frenzied acts that spring  
From out the spirit's sinful wandering ?  
My thoughts !—some demon prompts them as they roll  
With more than madness o'er my tortur'd soul.  
Hide, hide my face !—I blush that thou hast heard  
Each wild unholy thought that passion stirr'd—  
Quick ! hide thy daughter's shame, that none may see  
The gushing tear that trickles silently.

•

# ODE

ADDRESSED TO THE

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON,

IN THE THEATRE AT OXFORD,

JUNE, 1834.

---

Marshal, demand of yonder Champion  
The cause of his arrival here in arms.

*Shakespear.*

---

DEAR to the warrior is the proud array  
Of banner'd hosts—impatient for the fray.  
Deep rapture dwelleth in the battle strife  
To him—to all, that reck not of their life ;  
As on with reeking flank, and nostril wide,  
Wildly the war-steed dashes in his pride ;  
Sharp rings the steel on many a mailed breast,  
Yet proudly still the warrior's streaming crest,

White as the foam wind-sever'd from the wave,  
Floats o'er the surge-like conflux of the brave.  
Yes, it is sweet—though Freedom's blood may flow,  
Fame follows still to sanctify the blow ;  
And Glory's star, more bright amid the gloom,  
Hallows alike the trophy and the tomb.

But holier, sweeter far, the tranquil bliss  
Breath'd o'er his spirit in an hour like this ;  
When from his brow the helm is laid aside,  
And peace hath robb'd his bosom of its pride ;  
When in the courts of Honour's crowded hall,  
For him glad thousands hold their festival ;  
When Science welcomes back her warrior son,  
And Wisdom twines the wreath by Valour won ;  
When myriad lips, responsive to the swell  
Of the full heart, his praise in thunder tell ;  
And Beauty's eye, more eloquently grave,  
Sends down its silent greeting to the brave :  
When they—the good, whose love is more than fame,  
Spread that best, brightest halo round his name :

And, like a stream, the glad song rushes free,  
Flinging its scanty tribute to the sea ;  
Moves not that peaceful throng his spirit more  
Than War's death-waking trump—or Battle's onward  
    roar ?

    Welcome ! thrice welcome to our festive hall !—  
The breast that aye was bar'd at Honour's call  
Should shine in Honour's garb—the arm that drew  
Stern Freedom's brand, should share her beauty too !  
Welcome ! what other gift can Learning bring ?  
What wreath unworn is left her yet to fling ?  
Thine own strong hand hath grasp'd the laurel bough,  
Shall others twine the olive for thee now ?  
No Roman pageant claims thee as its part,  
Thine is the bloodless triumph of the heart.  
Thou need'st no venal eye thy spoils to scan,  
No hireling lip to whisper, " Thou art Man."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the slave who sate behind the Roman conqueror in his triumphal car, to remind him that, amid his glory, he was but man.

Thine is a praise not heard—but felt afar,  
Like the still song of some earth-worshipp'd star :  
Thine is the deathless hymn of onward time ;  
Thine is a mingled wreath from many a clime.  
There, like a sister, Gallia's lily glows  
In holy union with the Island rose ;  
And, cloth'd in beauty, India's lotus blue  
Flings o'er each drooping flower its treasur'd dew :  
There, trampled oft, but strong to bloom again,  
Lives the torn branch of liberated Spain ;  
And Lusitania's laurel, snatch'd before  
Its wonted green was dyed in kindred gore.—  
Such *was* thy chaplet—but a brighter now  
Leaves the cold helm to live upon thy brow ;  
With greener leaf, and brighter flowers than they,  
Though sought in danger, found amid the fray :  
A wreath unstain'd by blood, undimm'd by tears,  
Snatch'd not from death, unwithering with years.  
A civic crown for him, who, doubly brave,  
Rush'd on to slay—then turn'd again to save ;  
Who, in the senate, firm as in the field,  
Alike in both unpractis'd how to yield,

First quell'd the foe—and, when the fight was done,  
Upheld that freedom which his sword had won.

Well hast thou woo'd, like Pericles of old,  
Love from the wise, and honour from the bold.—  
Deep hast thou stamp'd in mem'ry's viewless page  
The warrior's strength, the wisdom of the sage :  
And now once more in Learning's sacred fane  
Isis beholds another Warrior reign.  
Where iron Cromwell, erst with zealot sway,  
Snatch'd her torn wreath, her sceptre rent away,  
A nobler guest, a spirit mightier yet,  
Sunlike repairs the splendour that has set ;  
And flings far o'er thy stream its orient ray,  
Bright with the cloudless promise of the day.

Long be that day ! and still may Isis see  
Her Guide, her Champion, Warrior ! in thee.  
Long may her sons, from Learning's classic grove,  
Around thee throng to honour—and to love.  
The helm may rust, the laurel bough may fade,  
Oblivion's grasp may blunt the Victor's blade,

But that bright, holy wreath which Learning gives,  
Untorn by hate, unharm'd by envy, lives—  
Lives through the march of Tempest and of Time,  
Dwells on each shore, and blooms in every clime :  
Wide as the space that fills yon airless blue,  
Pure as the breeze, and as eternal too,  
Fair as the night-star's eve-awaken'd ray,  
But with no morn to chase its fires away.

'Tis thine ! 'tis thine ! behold, far-flashing now,  
Its guardian flame burns brightly o'er thy brow—  
That Vestal flame which Learning loves to shed  
O'er the undying memory of the dead,  
Anticipates the tomb, and poureth free  
Its living lustre, WELLINGTON, for thee !

THE END.



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